

The Historie of

And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer, & coosin Glendower, will you sit downe:
And vncle Worcester; a plague vpon it, I haue forgot the Map.

Glen. No, here it is; sit Coosin Percy, sit good Coosin Hotspur;
for by that name, as oft as Lancaster doth speake of you, his
Cheeke lookes pale; and with a rising sigh he wisheth you in
Heauen.

Hot. And you in Hell; as oft as he heares Owen Glendower
spoke of.

Glen. I can not blame him; at my natiuitie,
The front of Heauen was full of fire shapes;
Of burning Cressets: and at my birth,
The frame and foundation of the Earth
Shak'd like a Coward.

Hot. Why so it would haue done at the same season, if your
Mothers Cat had but kitched, though your selfe had neuer bin
borne.

Glen. I say the Earth did shake when I was borne.

Hot. And I say the Earth was not of my minde,
If you suppose, as fearing you, it shooke.

Glen. The Heauens were all on fire, the Earth did tremble.

Hot. Oh! then the Earth shooke to see the Heauens on fire,
And not in feare of your Natiuitie:

Diseased Nature oftentimes breakes foorth

In strange eruptions, and the teeming Earth,

Is with a kind of Collicke pinch and vext,

By the imprisoning of vnruely Winde

Within her wombe, which for enlargement struiuing,

Shakes the old Beldame Earth, and toples downe

Steeple, and mosse-grown Towers. At your Birth,

Our Grandam Earth, hauing this distemperature,

In passion shooke.

Glen. Coosin, of many men

I do not beare these crossings: giue me leaue

To tell you once againe, that at my Birth,

The front of Heauen was full of fierie shapes,

The Goates ran from the Mountaines; and the Heardes

Were strangely clamorous to the frighted Fieldes,

These

Henry the fo

These signes haue markt me ext

And all the courses of my life do

I am not in the roll of common n

Where is the liuing, clipt in with

That chides the Bankes of Engla

Which calls me Pupill, or hath re

And bring him out, that is but V

Can trace me in the tedious way

And hold me pace in deepe exp

Hot. I thinke there's no mar

Ile to dinner.

Mor. Peace coosen Percy, yo

Glen. I can call Spirits from

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can

But will they come, when you d

Glen. Why, I can teach thee c

Hot. And I can teach thee co

By telling truth. Tell truth, and

If thou haue power to raise him

And Ile be swerne, I haue powe

Oh while you liue, tell truth, an

Mor. Come, come no more

Glen. Three times hath Henry

Against my power, thrice from

And Sandy bottom'd Seuerne h

Bootles home, and weather-bea

Hot. Home without bootes,

How scapes he agues in the diu

Glen. Come, here is the Map

According to our threefold ord

Mor. The Arch-deacon hath

Into three limits, very equally

England from Trent, and Seuerne

By South and East is to my par

All Westward, Wales beyond th

And all the fertile land within t

To Owen Glendower: and deare

The remnant Northward, lying

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